

In Recital

Linda Houle, soprano

with

Roger Admiral, piano

and

Jody Warwaruk, soprano

Stephen Williams, trumpet

Monday, March 31, 1997 at 8:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



**Department of Music
University of Alberta**

Program

From *Samson*, HWV 57 (1743)
Let the Bright Seraphim

George Frideric Handel
(1685-1759)

Stephen Williams, trumpet

Suleika, Op. 14 (1821)
Ganymed, Op. 19, No. 3 (1817)
Gretchen am Spinnrade, Op. 2 (1814)

Franz Schubert
(1797-1828)

From *Lakmé* (1833)
Duet

Léo Delibes
(1836-1891)

Jody Warwaruk, soprano

Air des clochettes

Intermission

Nuit d'étoiles (c. 1880)
Pierrot (c. 1881)
Apparition (1884)

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Вокализъ (Vocalise), Op. 34, No. 14 (1910/1915)
Здѣсь хорошо (It is fine here), Op. 21, No. 7 (1902)
Не пой, красавица! (Do not sing to me, my darling), Op. 4, No. 4 (1893)

Sergei Rachmaninoff
(1873-1943)

From *Candide* (1956)
Glitter and be Gay

Leonard Bernstein
(1918-1990)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Houle.

Translations

Suleika

What means this movement?
Does the East wind bring me glad tidings?
The fresh stirring of his wings
Cools the heart's deep wounds.

Caressingly he plays with the dust,
Stirs it up into little clouds;
Drives to the shelter of the vine-leaves
The merry insect tribe.

Softly he tempers the sun's glow,
And cools my hot cheeks;
And in his onward flight kisses the vines
Resplendent on field and hill.

And to me his light whisper brings
A thousand greetings from my dear one:
Ere yet these hills grow dark
A thousand kisses will greet me.

And so (East wind), you may pass on your way,
Ministering to friends and to those in trouble.
There, where the high walls are all aglow,
I shall soon find my best beloved.

Ah, the heart's true tidings,
Love's inspiration, life's renewal;
For me come from his mouth alone;
Only his breath can give them to me.

Ganymed - Ganymede

How in the morning radiance
You glow around me,
Spring, beloved!
With the thousandfold joy of love,
My heart is enveloped
By the blissful sensation
of your eternal warmth,
O, infinite beauty!

Ganymed - Ganymede (continued)

That I might clasp you
In my arms!

Ah, on your bosom
I lie, languishing,
And your flowers, your grass
Press against my heart.
You cool the burning
Thirst of my bosom,
Lovely morning breeze!
While the nightingale calls
To me tenderly from the misty vale.

I come, I come,
Whither, ah! whither?

Upwards, upwards I am driven!
The clouds float
Downwards; the clouds
Bend down towards my yearning love.
To me, to me!
In your lap
Upwards!
Embracing and embraced,
Upwards to thy bosom,
All-loving father!

Gretchen am Spinnrade - Gretchen at the Spinning-Wheel

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I can never find peace, never again.
In his absence, I feel as if dead,
And the whole world is turned to gall.

My poor head is distracted,
My poor mind is shattered,
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I can never find peace, never again.

For him alone I look out of the window,
For him alone I go out of the house.
His lofty carriage, his noble form,
The smile of his lips, the power in his glance.

Gretchen am Spinnrade - Gretchen at the Spinning-Wheel (continued)

And the magic flow of his speech,
The clasp of his hand, and oh! his kiss!
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,
I can never find peace, never again.

My bosom yearns towards him,
Oh, might I grasp and hold him!
And kiss him all I could,
And on his kisses I would pass away!

Duet

LAKMÉ:

Come, Mallika,
The creepers in flower
cast their shadow already
upon the sacred stream
that flows, dark and peaceful
Awakened by the clamorous song
of the birds!

MALLIKA:

Oh mistress!
This is the hour when I see you smile,
The blessed hour when I may read
Lakme's ever secret heart.

LAKMÉ:

A dense vault- jessamine
entwines with the rose,
flowering bank and fresh morning
together call us.

Oh, let us glide along drifting
with the fleeting current
on the shimmering waves.
With a languid hand
let us reach the bank,
where the birds sing.
Dense vault and white jessamine
together call us!

Duet (continued)

MALLIKA:

Beneath the thick canopy
where the white jessamine
entwines with the rose,
on the flowery bank,
laughing at the morn,
come, let us go down together.

Gently let us glide:
let us follow the current
of its captivating tide
fleeting through the shimmering water.
Listlessly paddling,
come let us reach the bank,
where the spring sleeps
and the birds sing.
Beneath the leafy canopy,
under the white jessamine,
oh, let us go down together!

LAKMÉ:

But I do not know what sudden fear
takes hold of me;
when my father goes alone
to their accursed town,
I tremble with fright!

MALLIKA:

That the god Ganessa may protect him,
let us go as far as the pool,
where the snowy-winged swan disport
themselves happily,
and gather the blue flowers.

LAKMÉ:

Yes, near the snowy-winged swans,
let us go and gather the blue lotus flowers.

Air des clochettes - Bell Song

Where does the young Indian girl go,
daughter of the Pariahs,
when the moonlight plays
in the tall mimosa trees?
When the moonlight plays,...

Air des clochettes - Bell Song (continued)

LAKMÉ:

She skips over the mossy ground
and doesn't remember
that everywhere
the child of the Pariahs is rejected.

She trips over the mossy ground,
the child of the Pariahs,
along by the pink laurels,
dreaming sweet dreams,
oh, she passes noiselessly,
laughing at the night! Ah!

Over in the forest where it is darker,
who is that traveller there, who has lost his way?
All around him, eyes shine in the darkness.
He walks on still, at random, bewildered!

The wild beasts roar with pleasure,
they are about to pounce on their prey.
The young girl comes running
and braves their fury.
In her hand she holds the wand,
on which the bell of the magicians tinkle.
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah!

The stranger looks at her,
she stands dazzled!
He is more handsome than all the rajahs!
He'll blush with shame, if he knows that he owes his
life
to the daughter of the Pariahs!
But, lulling her to sleep in a dream,
he transports her to heaven,
telling her: your place is there!
It was Vishnu, son of Brahma!
Since that day, in the depth of the forest,
the traveller may sometimes hear
the faint sound of the wand
upon which the bell of the magicians tinkles.
Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah!

Nuit d'étoiles - Starry night

Starry night,
Beneath your veils,
Beneath your breeze and perfumes,
I am like a sad lyre
That is sighing,
I dream of past loves,
I dream of past loves.

Quiet melancholy
Comes and breaks forth in the depths of my heart,
And I hear the soul of my love Tremble in the
dreaming woods.

Starry night,
Beneath your veils,
Beneath your breeze and perfumes,
I am like a sad lyre
That is sighing,
I dream of past loves,
I dream of past loves.

I again see in our fountain
Your glances as blue as the sky;
This rose, it is your breath,
And these stars are your eyes.

Starry night,
Beneath your veils,
Beneath your breeze and perfumes,
I am like a sad lyre
That is sighing,
I dream of past loves,
I dream of past loves.

Pierrot

The good Pierrot, whom the crowd watches,
Having finished at Harlequin's wedding,
Wanders as in a dream along the Boulevard du
Temple.

A young girl in a flimsy blouse
In vain entices him with her scamp's eye;
And meanwhile, mysterious and shiny
Making him its dearest delight,
The white moon with horns of a bull
Casts a glance offstage
At his friend Jean Gaspard Debureau.

Apparition

The moon was growing sad. Seraphim in tears
Dreaming, bows in hand, in the calm of flowers
Vaporous were drawing from dying viols
White sobs that slid upon the azure blue of the
corollas.
— It was the blessed day of your first kiss.
My fantasy, which likes to torment me,
Knowingly intoxicated itself in the scent of sadness
Even without regret and without vexation,
That sadness the gathering of a Dream leaves in the
heart that gathered it.

I wandered about thus, my eye fixed on the worn
paving
When with sunlight in your hair, in the street
And in the evening,
Before me laughing you
Appeared
And I thought that I saw the fairy
With her halo of light
Who once in my lovely dreams as a spoiled child
Passed by, letting fall like snow from her half-open
hands
White bouquets of perfumed stars,
of perfumed stars.

Здѣсь хорошо- **It is fine here**

It is fine here...Sec, from afar
the river is aflame;
the meadows are strewn with a flowery carpet,
the clouds whiten.

There are no people here...Here, there is silence...
here are God and I alone.
Flowers, and the old pine-tree,
and you, my dream!

Не пой, красавица! - **Do not sing to me, my darling**
Do not sing to me, my darling,
the songs of sad Georgia:
they remind me
of another life and a far-off shore.

Ah, they remind me,
your cruel melodies,
of the Steppes, of night, and in the moonlight
the outlines of a distant, poor maiden!...

Having glimpsed you, I forgot
the dear, fatal apparition;
but you sing, and before me
I discern it anew.

Do not sing to me, my darling,
the songs of sad Georgia:
they remind me
of another life and of distant shores.

department of

